



SONGS IN THE NIGHT.



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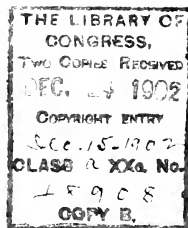


SONGS
IN
THE
NIGHT

By J. B. Knight.

1902

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THE DESERT.

Here is the desert, and 'tis here
 My soul must dwell.
The past years mock me, future years
 I know too well.
My eyes are dim with weeping and
 With tears unshed,
And grief must be my daily meat,
 Sorrow, my bread.

I found God in the desert; in
 His presence fair
The past was dumb, the future called,
 “He will be there!”
O happy was the thorny path
 That led to Thee!
O blest am I, for God has given
 Himself to me!

O dweller in the desert place,
 One waits for thee;
He standeth near with outstretched hands,
 So patiently;

He heals the broken-hearted, for
His name is Love:
Open the desert of your heart
To Christ above.

HIS GARDEN.

There is a garden of delight
Where we may dwell;
The sweetness of that garden, ah!
No tongue can tell.
The flowers that are blooming there
Shall never fade,
For with the beauty of the King
Are they arrayed.

The Lord is in that garden, He
Is watching there
His tender vines; there gathers He
His lilies fair;
There flows a crystal stream of Life,
Fed from above,
And there my thirsty heart has found
A fount of love.

And heavenly music I can hear,
 'Tis Jesus' voice;
He tells me that he loveth me,
 And I rejoice.
There am I my Beloved's alone,
 And He is mine:
Set me a seal upon Thy arm,
 Forever Thine.

LIKE A SHEPHERD.

Oh, like a shepherd lead me, Lord,
 And go before;
It is by Thee I enter heaven,
 Thou art the door:
Within Thy bosom do Thy lambs
 Securely lie;
Thine aged ones Thou still dost bear
 Most tenderly.

O Shepherd, guide me by Thy voice;
 Thy sheep do hear
Thy voice alone, the stranger do
 They ever fear:

They will not follow strangers, but
They follow Thee:
Then, Jesus, let me hear Thee speak
Often to me.

And Thou hast promised, Lord, to guide
Me with Thine eye:
Then must I ever watch Thy face
Most steadfastly.
I slip my hand within Thy hand,
For Thou dost know
My pathway; Thou hast passed before
The way I go.

O Lord, Thou art the sun that gilds
Each cloud with gold:
Then lead me by a cloud, as in
The days of old:
O lead me, Lord, as Thou dost see
Is best for me;
And though it be a fire by night,
Still with me be.

Yes, like a shepherd, dost Thou lead
Thy little flock;
Thou drawest water for them, from
A living rock:

O smitten rock, and broken bread,
Broken for me,
Here in the desert I would feed
Only on Thee.

YOUR FATHER KNOWETH.

I know not all the many turns
The pathway of my life still shows;
Contented am I not to know,
My Father knows.

I would not choose my way at all,
I choose the best, as I suppose,
I can but guess what I should have,
My Father knows.

I know that I have many needs
For many things, and all of those
God will supply, for all my needs
My Father knows.

Then cast away all anxious care,
See how the tender lily grows;
Look up into God's face and say,
"My Father knows."

And have you many little cares?

Think not God does not notice those,
For when the tiny sparrow falls,
Your Father knows.

I cannot call His sheep by name,
But God Himself knows all of those
Who do His will, each one of them
The Father knows.

I cannot climb the walls of heaven,
But One from heaven the gateway shows,
And he who comes to God by Christ
The Father knows.

And do you weary grow and tired?
The Son of Man before you goes,
He once was weary, and our frame
Our Father knows.

And in remembrance He has kept
My wanderings, each tear that rose
From my sad heart; and all is well,
My Father knows.

If on the threshold of your heart
The grave its heavy shadow throws,
Look up, and say through blinding tears,
My Father knows.

I know not when my Lord shall come;
For Him my longing ever grows;
I know that He will come, the time
My Father knows.

I know not yet what I shall be:
The name of son God now bestows;
I call him Father, and the child
His Father knows.

God loves us as He loves His Son;
His love for Christ on us o'erflows;
His love is sure, so trust His will,
Your Father knows.

Behold the manner of His love,
And on the love of God repose:
Sing as you journey to your home,
My Father knows.

THE SWORD.

Before the gates of Paradise,
A shining angel stands:
A flaming sword he bears aloft
Within his mighty hands.

That turning sword for vengeance seeks,
Transgressed are God's commands :
'Till blood is shed, unsatisfied
The waiting angel stands.

O sword of God ! it found its rest
In Him who bled and died :
Its point was sheathed within the heart
Of Christ, the crucified.

The sword was buried in His breast,
With anguish pierced Him through ;
God's wrath must strike, it struck the life
Of Him who died for you.

O sinner, look on Calvary !
The Prince of Life is dead ;
With nails His feet and hands are pierced,
And thorns do crown His head.

Up from the grave, a conqueror,
The Prince of Life is risen :
The King of Glory enters now
The lifted gates of heaven.

No more to keep the way of life,
The mighty angel waits :
Be lifted up, eternal doors,
Lift up your heads, ye gates.

For Paradise has been regained,
Look at that bleeding side!
Unguarded is the door of heaven,
The gates now opened wide.

And angels now are filled with joy
When one forsakes his sin:
New jewel for the robe of Christ,
They bid you enter in.

Yes, enter; heaven is free to all,
Salvation is complete.
Have you no crown? Then cast yourself
Down at your Saviour's feet.



CONSECRATION.

Could such love be,
That He should leave His glorious throne
To bear the wrath of God alone
And die upon the shameful cross
For me!

Such love for me!
Unsounded heights and depths of love,
A love all other loves above,
Unbounded and unchanging, pure
And free.

This love is mine;
Down at His pierced feet to fall;
A broken heart, to give it all;
To kiss His feet with tears, Lord, I
Am Thine.

A PRAYER.

Lord, take my heart and make of it
A harp for Thee,
That ever from its depths may rise
A melody,
The Spirit's song of heavenly love,
And joy, and peace,
And praises, that begun on earth
Shall never cease.

Lord, take my heart and make of it
A well for Thee:
That living water may flow forth
Abundantly;

The living water Thou dost give,
Flow all ²around,
In fruitful blessing, on the dry
And thirsty ground.

Oh, make my heart a garden, Lord,
Let flowers grow there;
The rose of love, the lily pure,
And spices rare,
And crush them, that their fragrance may
The sweeter be;
The garden is Thy planting, and
Is all for Thee.

Lord, take my heart, and make of it
Thy dwelling place:
A holy temple, where I meet
Thee, face to face:
Cast out all that offends Thee there,
Make all Thine own;
Cast down the idol, self, my God,
Reign there alone.

And of this temple make, O God,
A house of prayer:
Let prayer arise, like incense sweet,
Forever there;

And may the Spirit breathe through me
His deep desire;
And with the love of Christ set all
My heart afire.

Lord, take my heart and make of it
A mirror fair:
Thy image only ever be
Reflected there;
Undimmed by self, untarnished, let
Its surface be:
That God, who sees my heart, may see
His Son in me.

Lord, break the earthen vessel, that
Thou shalt be seen:
Thou art the treasure, I the clay,
A vessel mean:
And let Thy light shine ever forth,
Undimmed by me:
Oh, break me, Lord, that others may
But Jesus see.

The Son hath made me free indeed;
But, Lord, I gave
My freedom back, for I would be
Thy willing slave;

And, bound with chains, Thy captive, Lord,
 Lead me along:
The chain that holds me fast, Thy love,
 Forever strong.

O Living Word, my spirit make
 A thing apart;
That I may hear Thy voice alone,
 Within my heart:
Sever my spirit from my soul
 By Thy sharp sword:
Discern my thought, my heart I bare
 Before Thee, Lord.

Take every thought and bind it fast,
 O Christ, to Thee:
My every thought I gladly let
 A captive be;
Destroy my foolish wisdom, Lord,
 For I would know
But, Jesus, He is Wisdom, and
 To Him I go.

Take, O my God, this will of mine,
 And make it Thine:
For perfect peace I find, but as
 Thy will is mine;

Make me, O God, indeed delight
 To do Thy will :
In Thy beloved will to rest,
 Forever still.

Lord, take my life and let it fall
 Into the ground :
For as my life I lose, in me
 Thy life is found :
And I shall find my life again,
 Life hid in Thee ;
The power of Thy endless life
 Shall live in me.

Take body, soul, and spirit, Lord,
 For they are Thine :
Bought with Thy precious blood, I hold
 Nothing as mine ;
To know Thee better all I need,
 To love Thee more ;
My heart is fixed, 'tis fixed on Thee,
 Forevermore.

THE STAR.

The Morning Star!
O promise of the glorious Sun,
And herald of the coming light,
Thou did'st not rise with dawning day,
But shone through all the gloom of night.

So Jesus is!
He lighteneth all that ever came
Into this world, and He has been
With us through all the world's dark night;
'Tis darkness still, but He is seen.

But morning breaks!
The Sun of healing soon shall rise,
His beams shall reach earth's utmost part,
And God shall wipe away all tears,
And God shall dwell in every heart.

O lovely Star!
Fairer than all the sons of men,
Thou altogether lovely One;
With loving eyes we gaze on Thee,
And wait the coming of the Sun.

JESUS ONLY.

Lord, Thou alone canst see my heart,
Read there my deep desire;
Make of my heart an altar, Lord,
And of Thy love a fire.

A fire to burn away all dross,
And all that is my own;
Let all the world but shadows be,
I would see Thee alone.

Be Thou to me my well of joy,
No other would I know;
One word of Thine is sweeter far
Than every joy below.

Be thou, O Lord, my meat and drink,
This world gives but a stone;
For Thou, O Christ, art all I need,
I want but Thee alone.

O Lord, Thou has the longing given,
Then fill me with Thy love;
Live Thou in me, and let my life
Be hid with Thee above.

A SHADOW.

God gave to us the radiant moon,
To give us light :
Her silver splendor gilds for us
The shades of night.

But lo, the moon that shines in heaven
Cannot be seen ;
Ah, no! the shadow of the earth
Has come between.

Jesus is in the heavens for us,
He is our Light :
What hides Him, then, O stumbling soul,
Out of your sight?

Alas! the shadow of the world
Has hid His face :
And through the shade His features we
But dimly trace.

Oh, know you not the cross of Christ
Has crucified
The world to you, you to the world,
Since Jesus died?

The world's an enemy proclaimed
By Jesus' cross:
For love of Him who suffered there,
Count all things loss.

Love not the world, it dwells not with
The Father's love:
Let your desire be fixed upon
The Christ above.

The world, and all the lusts thereof,
Must pass away:
But he that does the will of God
Liveth alway.

God hath commanded light to shine,
His love divine:
It shines from Jesus' face into
This heart of mine.

Oh, may I walk my earthly path
By heavenly light:
Thy face, O Lord, the light that guides
My steps aright.

And let no shadow of the world
Fall on Thy face:
Be Thou the sunshine of my heart,
Thy dwelling-place.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF HIS SUFFERING.

Has thou a burden, child of God?

Look at the hand that gave it thee,
'Twas pierced for thee, and Jesus says,
"Bear it for Me."

Has sorrow been thy earthly lot?

Then as thy Lord was, so art thou;
Thou canst not suffer with Him soon,
So suffer now.

For if we suffer we shall reign

With Him, Himself, the way, the goal;
With Him, for He has suffered, too,
O suffering soul.

What supplications and what groans,

What crying from that Holy One,
Can God spare us when He spared not
His only Son?

The Perfect One was perfected

Through suffering, ah, then must we
Prepare to suffer in the flesh,
For so did He.

He who is unacquaint with grief,
May not the Man of Sorrows know,
'Tis broken vessels He so fills
They overflow.

The risen Lord has left for us
To drink a little of His cup,
That His afflictions left behind
We might fill up.

Then place thy lips where His have been,
'Twill make the bitter drink seem sweet,
The footprints on our path were made
By Jesus' feet.

Give me a cross, Lord, Thou hadst one;
With joy I bear it after Thee;
All that Thou givest love I, for
Thou lovest me.

MY CUP OVERFLOWS.

O joy of my heart, Lord Jesus, art Thou,
Eternity's song I may sing even now,
Praise to the Lamb that was slain;
Open my lips that Thy praise I may tell,
Oh, let my glad heart the great chorus swell,
Utter the marvelous strain.

The works of Thy hands unite in Thy praise,
Praise is the note the archangels raise,

With joy beholding Thy face;
If angels and seraphs Thy mercy adore,
I, a saved sinner, O Lord, how much more
I who am saved by Thy grace!

What shall we render, O Saviour, to Thee?

The praise of our lips through eternity,

The love of our hearts evermore:

Ring, Heaven, with praise to the Lamb that was slain,

And echo, O Earth, the joyous refrain,

Angels, fall down and adore.

We who are saved to the praise of Thy grace,

Redeemed by Thy blood, Thy heart is our place,

To us Thou hast told Thy love;

The praise of Thy love forever we'll sing,

Forever we'll love Thee, our praise shall ring

Highest in heaven above.

Even now, Lord, art Thou the joy of my heart,

Enough for now and forever, Thou art

The fountain of all my praise:

'Tis now that the joy that Thou givest o'erflows,

'Tis now that I join the glad song of those

Who praise Thee through endless days.

LOVEST THOU ME?

“Oh, tell me not thou lovest Me
While My poor sheep are still unfed;
They hunger for the bread thou hast:
Give them that bread.

“How canst thou love thy God unseen,
When brethren near thee still have need?
Love and help them, then lovest thou
Thy Lord indeed.

“When they have need I hunger, too,
And would'st thou turn thy Lord away?”
Lord, I would love and feed Thy sheep,
For this I pray:

Give me an ear to hear Thy voice,
Give me an eye to see Thy sheep,
Give me a heart of love, for them,
Like Thee, to weep.

And how much shall I love them, Lord?
“Beloved, I gave My life for you;
As I have done for you, for them
Ye ought to do.”

Where shall I find Thy precious sheep,
Shall I search for them here and there?
"Thou need'st not leave thy path, for they
Are everywhere."

THE RACE.

We do not run our earthly race unseen,
A cloud of heavenly witnesses are near;
The course on earth; but ever from the skies,
The heavenly watchers see with eager eyes
The running here.

The race is set before us, Christ the goal;
The smile of His approval our reward;
Run fleetly, He Himself is waiting there;
Fight surely, not as one who beats the air,
Nothing too hard.

Yes, Christ I seek to win, but not His love;
Oh, long ago, that love He freely gave:
I seek to reach His stature more and more;
Ah, then, must self pass through a lowly door
Into its grave.

And would you win Him? Fix your eyes on Him,
Look not around, but gaze on Him alone;
Self is the weight that we must lay aside,
For self with Jesus was once crucified,
So self disown.

The goal we see, but here we must endure,
As Jesus did, the cross, despise the shame;
The heavenly glory of our Lord we'll share:
He was the Man of Sorrows, we must bear
His earthly name.

With patience must we run this race, for God
Has marked for us the path that Jesus trod;
A path of thorns for us our God has set,
The thorns will pierce our bleeding feet, and yet
It leads to God.

No, this is not our rest; we forward press,
Here must we conquer all besetting sin;
Against the powers of darkness do we fight,
But God has given to us an armor bright,
And we shall win.

Nor do we fight unaided, for we have
A mighty Helper ever by our side:
The Comforter has come, to give us aid;
God stoops again, and He Himself is made
Our heavenly Guide.

Who are the watchers that forever gaze
Upon the lowly path that Jesus trod?
Just men made perfect, and the saints of light,
Jesus Himself, and all the angels bright,
One watcher, God.

As a good soldier fight, run swiftly then,
Jesus Himself is watching from above;
Yes, our file leader has just gone before;
Run swiftly home, for waiting at the door
Is He you love.

RECONCILED.

God is not far away, no, He is near
To every one of us; we feel for Him
But find Him not, and it is clear
A wall doth rise between, though He is near :
The wall of sin.
But Christ has come and broken down the wall,
God's outstretched hand the sinner now may find;
The way to Him is open now to all,
A pierced hand has opened heaven's door,
God waits within.

Be reconciled to Him, O sinful men,
And raise your hand and clasp the hand of God,
And has the Lamb been slain for sin? Ah, then
To all the world our God is reconciled,
Since Jesus died.

Like Adam, would you flee from God and hide?
You need not, for the debt of sin is paid.
Who shall condemn you? it is Christ who died.
God sits upon a throne of grace: by faith
Be justified.

Oh, take Him at His word, His word is true,
You need not go to heaven to bring Christ down;
The Word is night, believe He died for you,
Upon the offering lay your hand, and you
Are reconciled.

Then turn to God and lift your joyful face,
And let the love of God shine in your heart.
His justice must deny you, but His grace
Through Jesus Christ, of you, His enemy,
Hath made His child.

GOD'S MESSAGE.

Behold, what miracle is wrought
Upon that starry night!
Upon the silent, sleeping earth
There shines a heavenly light.

“Glory to God,” the angels sing,
“And peace to men on earth,”
The heralds from the sky announce
A King of lowly birth.

A Babe, and wrapped in swaddling clothes,
The God of Heaven lies;
A mother in her arms receives
The Saviour from the skies.

“The Word made flesh,” yes, God has stooped
To earth from heaven above;
The Living Word a message brings,
The message, “God is love.”

And God has drawn so near to us
That He might draw us near;
The man Christ Jesus speaks to us,
And 'tis God's voice we hear.

“And God is pure,” “Behold the Lamb,”
In spotless purity;
“And God is Wisdom,” listen then,
Never spake man as He.

“And God is Love.” Oh, then look back;
Behold that Lamb of God;
See all the path of suffering
The Man of Sorrows trod.

O seeker after God, take heed,
And hear the message true;
The Word made flesh has come to earth,
And God is seeking you.

Yes, God in Jesus was made man,
And by our side did stand;
Forevermore He's seated now,
The Man at God's right hand.

HE'S PASSING BY.

He's passing by!
With stately steps He goes upon His way:
Oh, raise your hand and touch His garment fair,
Your touch of faith will bring you healing there;
Touch Him to-day.

He's passing by!

Oh, call to Him, for He is ever kind,
Speak but His name, and by your side He'll stay,
And ask Him to anoint your eyes with clay,
For you are blind.

He's passing by!

Seek not to hide from Him behind your sin;
He calls you to come down. Oh, ask the Lord
To enter in your house, and at your word
He will come in.

He's passing by!

Fall on your knees and call to Him, "Unclean!"
He is not far away, Jesus is here;
He waiteth by your side, and standing near
Has ever been.

He's passed this way!

The healing virtue was His blood that flowed;
The clay, the grave in which the Saviour lay;
His pierced hand alone could take away
Your heavy load.

AND LEARN OF ME.

“Come unto Me.” Lord, I have come,
With Thee I have found rest;
The burden of my life is gone,
I lean upon Thy breast.

“And learn of Me, for I am meek,
And lowly is My heart.”
My heart would learn this lesson, Lord,
As Thou dost grace impart.

For Thou, alone, canst teach me this
Great lesson, I would learn;
Not I, but Christ to live in me,
For this I ever yearn.

And must the teaching, then, be stern,
Is death the only way?
Oh, spare not for my crying, Lord,
Put me to death each day.

With lowly heart to follow Thee,
For this my cross I take;
For I would love Thee only, Lord,
All others, for Thy sake.

HE SPAKE THIS PARABLE.

Oh, hear the story of the Shepherd's love:
For Jesus left the courts of heaven above
 To seek His wandering sheep;
With joy, for that lost sheep His life He gave,
Endured the cross, a ruined world to save,
 Oh, love of Christ, how deep!

And hear the story of the woman's search,
The Spirit seeking, through the blood-bought church,
 The precious missing piece;
He seeketh ever for the willing heart,
That will receive the life He would impart,
 Oh, love that does not cease!

Hear how the father loved his wandering son,
And ever waited for the sinning one
 The Father's heart of love:
Sinner, thou art the sheep, the missing piece,
The Spirit pleads with thee, He doth not cease,
 The Father waits above.

IT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

Yes, love, Lord Jesus, drew me to Thy heart,
Thy love divine;
And love did bring Thee down to me,
And love still binds me fast to Thee,
Forever Thine.

Yes, light, Lord Jesus, shines within my heart,
Shines from Thy face:
The Sun of Love shines on His own,
For them that love Thee, light is sown
In every place.

Yes, peace, Lord Jesus, hast Thou given me,
And left with me:
And like a river doth it flow,
It passeth knowledge, but I know
It comes from Thee.

Yes, joy, Lord Jesus, fullest joy I have,
For it is Thine:
This is the joy Thou givest me,
That Thou hast said Thy love shall be
Forever mine.

Yes, life, Lord Jesus, Thou didst freely give,
Thy life for me:
My little life I give for Thine,
An endless life, O Lord, is mine,
Life, hid in Thee.

Love, light, and life, and peace, and joy, I have,
For Thou art mine:
Union of endless life with Thee,
Forever, Lord, Thou lovest me,
For I am Thine.

WITH JESUS.

Lord, I am not alone, for Thou
Art everywhere:
In every place my heart can be
A house of prayer.

And as I walk the busy street,
I walk with Thee:
And in my quiet room I find
Thee near to me.

Quick darting, may a prayer, dear Lord,
 To Thee ascend:
For thou wilt never leave me, O
 Thou unseen Friend.

How sweetly dost Thou ever speak
 Within my heart,
Telling of love that from Thine own
 Nothing can part!

And ever may I speak to Thee,
 Thou art so near:
And Thou canst see each upward look,
 Each whisper hear.

Oh, may each little thing I do,
 For Thee be done:
The little service, sweeter than
 The greater one.

Thou are with me. Oh, teach me, Lord,
 With Thee to be:
No life to know except the life
 Hidden with Thee.

Unbroken, endless life unites
 Me, Lord, with Thee:
Oh, may the union, too, of love
 Unbroken be.

Let me but love Thee, more and more,
 'Till life is past :
When I shall see Thee, face to face,
 O Lord, at last.

THE VALLEY.

Down in the valley, Lord,
 Thou ledest me ;
Though pastures green I've left,
 I am with Thee.

Fear chills my heart, Thy voice
 I cannot hear :
The darkness hides Thy face,
 Though Thou art near.

Then like a flood He comes,
 The enemy :
My Lord he cannot reach,
 So woundeth me.

Raise Thou the standard, Lord,
 Or else I die :
And show the blood, the cross
 Lift up on high.

Then, more than conqueror,
In Christ I stand:
The valley leads me to
Immanuel's land.

For there I learn God's perfect
Will to prove;
And there the deepest lessons
Of Christ's love.

I take my cross and follow,
For 'tis sweet
To find the foot-prints made
By Jesus' feet.

And as I walk, I learn
My Lord to know;
The oil descends, my cup
Doth overflow.

And I will sup with Him,
And He with me:
Whom have I, Lord, in heaven?
On earth, but Thee.

THE STORY.

All we, like sheep, have gone astray,
Yes, far astray;
In sin's dark desert we have strayed,
And lost our way.

We've turned each one to our own way,
And not God's way;
A way of sinning and of death,
Darker each day.

But God hath laid on Jesus all,
Yes, all our sin;
And bruised for our iniquities
Hath Jesus been.

And in His pierced hand He holds
A pardon free;
And whosoever will may come
And pardoned be.

He is our Peace; what can we fear?
Ended the strife:
His stripes have healed us, and His death
Hath given life.

The story of God's love is told,
 'Tis Calvary:
O sinner, He who suffered there
 Hung there for thee.

Yes, read the story on the cross,
 'Tis written there:
For us, His well-beloved Son
 God did not spare.

See, righteousness and peace meet at
 The mercy seat:
Believe the story, kneel in faith
 At Jesus' feet.

OUR PORTION.

Behold, a spotless Lamb is slain,
 To God a sacrifice:
Jesus for us has shed His blood,
 Salvation's awful price.

An offering most sweet to God,
 To God belongs the best:
For us remains His shoulder strong,
 For us His loving breast.

Feed on your portion and be filled,
 'Tis given from above:
The strength of Christ is all for us,
 For us His heart of love.

Yes, God beholds with joy His Son,
 The best for God alone:
But for our weakness is His strength,
 And Jesus loves His own.

What grace and beauty, dearest Lord,
 I ever see in Thee:
Beauty of holiness for God,
 Such grace for one like me.

Let me lean ever on Thy strength,
 Thy strength, O Lord, is mine:
And let me ever rest upon
 The love of Christ divine.

THE PRECIOUS NAME.

A name is given; an angel brings
 The Saviour's name from heaven above;
'Tis Jesus, such a precious name;
To save us from our sins He came,
 Jesus, Thy name we love.

To us an ointment sweet poured forth,
'Tis music in the Father's ear,
'Tis music in the courts of heaven,
That precious name that God has given
Is sweetest music here.

Within that temple in the skies
Our great High Priest has gone before;
For us before God's throne He stands,
Our names are graven on His hands,
Are there forevermore.

To Thee, O God, we, too, are priests;
We offer incense sweet to Thee.
'Tis this, O God, we offer there:
The name of Jesus, breathed in prayer,
Shall ever fragrant be.

Speak often, then, that precious name,
The Father waits with listening ear;
This offering you may ever make:
"My God, I ask for Jesus' sake."
That prayer our God will hear.

A name triumphant o'er His foes
The King of Glory soon shall wear;
It tells us now that Christ is risen,
It tells on earth sins are forgiven:
This name of Christ we bear.

What glory, Lord, awaits Thy name!
By this dark world rejected now,
Eternity shall tell its worth,
When at Thy name each knee on earth,
In heaven, and hell, shall bow.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.

Go forth and tell, 'tis Jesus bids you go.
And shall men stand, with lingering feet and slow,
While listening angels long the words to speak,
That Christ has come, lost men to save, to seek?

Tell them that sit in darkness that the Light
That lights the world has shined and scattered night:
That Jesus is the light, the Sun who brings
Us righteousness and healing in His wings.

Tell them that hunger that the Bread of Heaven
Has been sent down, to all is freely given:
That Jesus is the Bread, and they who feed
On Him hunger no more, but feast indeed.

Tell all who thirst that He will freely give
The living water; bid them drink and live:
Oh, tell the story of the cross to those
For whom He died and suffered, died and rose.

Lord, freely we received Thy wondrous grace;
Oh, let us freely give to every place
The message, for it is the heralding
To haste the coming of the coming King.

HE FIRST LOVED US.

Left thy first love!. Is Calvary forgot?
Look back upon that tree,
Jesus hung there for thee,
He loved thee then, loves now, and changes not.

Behold His love! Himself He could not save
And save thee, sinner, too;
And what did Jesus do?
He paid thy debt for thee, Himself He gave.

Thou canst not leave His love, He waits for thee;
With outstretched arms He stands,
Look at His pierced hands,
Run, then, to Him, to Jesus' bosom flee.

Kneel down, then, at His feet, Jesus adore;
There is the sinner's place,
Look up into His face,
And love Him for His loving, evermore.

And to the very end He loves His own,
Wonderful love divine!
Give Him that heart of thine,
Enthroned Him there, let Jesus reign alone.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S FRIEND.

Spirit of God, thou dost desire my heart,
But not for Thee:
With jealous envy dost Thou long for me,
That Jesus only I may ever see,
His only be.

Thou art the Bridegroom's Friend, and how
Dost Thou rejoice
To see the Bridegroom's joy; Thy joy is this:
Ever Thou standest by to see His bliss,
To hear His voice.

Oh, burn away all earthly dross,
Spirit of Fire:
Let me the King in all His beauty see,
Woo me with heavenly things, let Jesus be
My heart's desire.

Spirit of Righteousness, I long to walk

Arighl each day:

How dost Thou teach this lesson? Thou dost show

How Jesus walked upon the earth below,

He is the "Way."

Spirit of Truth, oh, teach me what is true,

I look to Thee:

Again to me, the Son of God is shown;

For He was "full of truth" and He alone,

The "Truth" is He.

Spirit of Life, my little life is brief

And full of strife:

Show me a fountain where I drink and live,

Jesus is "Life," and He will freely give

An endless life.

'Tis thus Thou dost prepare, O Loving Friend,

The heavenly bride:

Thou shalt present her, beautiful and fair;

In heavenly courts, the Bridegroom's joy shall share,

Thou blessed Guide.

Spirit of Might, 'tis Thou hast strengthened me

With might within;

That I might know the love of Christ, who died;

Thou hast kept step with me, and by my side

Hast ever been.

O Holy Spirit, Thou, the Holy One,
 To dwell with me!
Of my black heart, oh, make a jewel rare,
And so present me to my Lord, all fair,
 His own to be.

O Heavenly Teacher, but one copy fair
 Thy hand doth trace;
Christ is the lesson I must learn, and He
Was meek in heart, clothed with humility,
 And full of grace.

The task too hard for any but for Thee,
 O Heavenly Guide;
Thou showest me the path where Jesus trod,
I take my cross and follow, for my God
 Is by my side.

When Thou dost fill my heart, Jesus Himself
 Draws near to me:
Touch Thou my lips, and I shall speak of Him,
Touch Thou my eyes, with eyes no longer dim,
 Jesus I see.

Ever Thou speakest, deep within my heart,
 Of Him alone:
Thou comfortest by saying, "He is near";
Thy sweetest message is, "Jesus is here."
 His things are shown.

And o'er the chaos of my sinful heart,
O Heavenly Dove,
Thy love doth brood, and there are graces fair,
Love, joy, and peace within, for Thou art there,
Spirit of Love.

I call Thee not, the Comforter has come,
O show me more
Of Jesus, so shall I commune with Thee;
In Him God's fullness dwelleth bodily
Forevermore.

THE GIFT.

There was a man who asked of God a gift,
God gave him not, he asked amiss:
He said, "I'll seek another, better gift
From God, since He withholdeth this."

Again the Giver of all good said, "No;
You have not sought the very best;
Leave it to me what I shall give,
And then you shall be truly blest."

It was a wondrous gift God gave the man:
His shadow, falling, blessed mankind;
Not when it fell before, where he could see,
But always when it fell behind.

Oh, seek the gift of ever doing good :

Unknown to you the look of love,
Unseen by you, forgotten soon by all,
Seen only by your God above.

Mercy and goodness following after you ;

Your face turned ever to God's face :
His face the light, your shadow falls behind,
Through you God blesses every place.

And have you done a noble deed and fair ?

For other eyes, or for your own ?
Then count it loss ; for every work is burned
That is not done for God alone.

ANSWERED.

Our God prepares us for those things

He has prepared :
And for the gold, the burning fire
Cannot be spared.

And does it seem your prayer to God

Has been in vain ?
He doth not needlessly afflict,
Nor giveth pain.

But can a heart filled with this world
 Hold Jesus, too?
God must unloose our clinging hands,
 His work to do.

For many years my longing heart
 Uttered its cry;
The answer, but an echo from
 An empty sky.

And as the years passed on, the cry
 But deeper grew:
No fading hope but knew it well,
 Grief knew it, too.

The passing years were messengers
 To turn my eyes
From things of earth, to fasten them
 Upon the skies.

Then to my empty heart Christ came,
 Told me His love:
And all my soul with rapture thrilled,
 Like that above.

And now no more as one who seeks,
 I need to roam;
For Christ I've found, and, satisfied,
 My heart's at home.

THE LORD IS MY KEEPER.

What knows a little bird of fear,
When safe within its nest?
It flutters down, all quiet and warm,
Beneath its mother's breast.

My God hath made a nest for me,
Christ Jesus holds His own
Within His hand: and I am safe,
As He upon His throne.

The Father lays His hand upon
The hand of His dear Son;
And quiet within my nest I lie,
Kept by the Mighty One.

THE SECRET.

What is the secret, O my God,
Between my soul and Thee?
What is it, Lord, that Thou hast stooped
And whispered low to me?

“And dost thou love the Lord thy God,
And is thy whole heart Mine?
To them that love Me is it told,
Then is the secret thine.”

The secret of His presence, this
Jesus hath told to me :
Nor height, nor depth, nor length, nor breadth,
Can part me, Lord, from Thee.

Contented, then, with what I have,
The burden and the pain ;
Desiring nothing more, nor less,
And counting all things gain.

Contented, for the Lord hath said,
“I leave thee never, never ;
I’ll ne’er forsake thee ; thou art Mine
Forever and forever.”

HIS STRENGTH.

Happy are they, O Lord, who trust in Thee,
So happy, then, am I ;
A beggar, Lord, I come to Thee for grace ;
All darkness I, the light is in Thy face,
Revealing God on high.

The apron I had made, I’ve thrown away,
Thy righteousness is mine :
A righteousness by faith, that may I wear,
The righteousness that Jesus won I share,
A righteousness divine.

What had I, Lord, that I could bring to Thee?

Nothing but sin and need;

'Twas that that drew Thee down to take my part,

'Twas grace alone that raised me to Thy heart,
Herein is love indeed.

A sinner lost, my need was very great,

Thy love was greater still;

Wounded I lay, there was no eye to see;

Thine eye did see, and Thou didst pity me,
All love Thou didst fulfil.

Still empty, needy, weak, and helpless, Lord,

Still is Thy strength for me;

So poor am I, I take Thy wealth each day.

"More grace" Thou givest on my daily way,
My fullness is in Thee.

Happy, indeed, for I am empty, Lord,

To make Thy fullness mine:

The blesser art Thou, Lord; I am the blest;

The work is Thine, to me remains a rest,
The glory all is Thine.

I have no strength left now to hinder Thee

In working out Thy will;

Happy am I, all helpless just to be,

Happy am I, O Lord, to trust in Thee,
To know Thee and be still.

THE LONGING SOUL.

O Lord, I have a vision seen,
The vision of Thy love;
No more my heart can rest on earth,
But seeketh Thee above.

Lord Jesus, like a thirsty land,
My soul doth thirst for Thee;
I stand as one with hands outstretched,
Till Thou dost come to me.

And in the darkness, like to one
Long dead, I dwell apart:
Within, my spirit is o'erwhelmed
And desolate my heart.

I sought another country, Lord,
But heaven shut me out;
Fed with the bread of tears am I,
My soul is tossed about.

I was brought low, so very low,
That God my strength might be:
Return unto thy rest, O Soul,
God hath delivered Thee.

My soul from death, my eyes from tears,
My feet no more shall fall:
But, emptied of my strength, I find
In Jesus Christ my all.

THE DESIRED HAVEN.

My heart was like a troubled sea,
'Till Jesus spake;
Said to the billows, "Peace, be still."
The tossing waves were, at His will,
A placid lake.

And in the stillness He has made,
His voice is heard:
He tells me He is ever near,
Again my quiet soul may hear
The Living Word.

And peace now, like a river, flows
From God to me:
Upon its current, deep and strong,
Forever bears my soul along
Unto the sea.

The peace that Jesus leaves with us
Has filled my breast:
And dwells there like a heavenly dove,
And in the ocean of God's love
I ever rest.

GOD HATH SPOKEN.

He who did speak to us by prophets once,
Hath spoken now by One sent from above;
The cross, the message that He brings to us,
The cross, that tells the world that God is love.

The cross! Forbid that we should glory, Lord,
Save in the cross of Jesus Christ alone:
It tells of need as deep as hell, our need;
Of love as high as heaven, 'tis God's own.

And could a guilty world claim such a gift?
Ah, no! for it was God's alone to give:
But God is love: He gave His only Son,
His gift to all the world, that all might live.

Then hear the Voice that speaks from out the past,
Of Him who stood on that great day and cried:
"If any thirst, oh, let him come to Me,
His soul shall live, his heart be satisfied."

Oh, hear again the Saviour's thrilling voice,
"Ye will not come to Me that ye might live,
Ye will not raise the hand of faith to take
The living water I so freely give."

And still, to-day, to sad and weary hearts,
And heavy-laden ones, He offers rest :
But, all unheeding, they labor on,
Reject the light, and love the darkness best.

Hear, Earth! For God hath spoken by His Son,
The spotless Lamb slain for the sinners' sin :
Who dares despise the precious blood of Christ?
Jesus stands knocking,—hear, and let Him in.

HE RECEIVETH SINNERS.

What grace, O Lord, for sinful men
In Thee is ever found!
For us, Thou still dost lowly stoop
And write upon the ground.

The loathsome leper we pass by,
Contented to leave such :
But, Lord, Thou didst draw nigh to him,
And did the leper touch.

What must that touch have meant to him,
Given so tenderly!
Thy heart, alone, responded to
The leper's awful cry.

And that poor sinner at the well,
How gently Thou didst win;
With loving art did draw her forth,
To draw her from her sin.

A sinner, Lord, did kiss Thy feet
And wash them with her tears:
Her broken heart has no rebuke—
Only Thy love appears.

'Twas but a sinner saved, O Lord,
Who leaned upon Thy breast;
There is the sinner's refuge still,
There may the sinner rest.

The dying thief could call to Thee,
"O Lord, remember me!"
How quickly came the answer, "Thou,
To-day with Me shall be."

Thy breaking heart and dying lips
Could utter love alone;
Unfathomable love did speak
In every dying groan.

Sinner, the message is from God,
God begs you to believe:
God loveth you, Christ died for you,—
Sinners He will receive.

THE LIVING WAY.

I am a traveler unto a land
Unseen by mortal eye;
But all the glories of the world I see,
I count but loss for those reserved for me
In that fair land on high.

Sometimes my pathway lies upon a road
Of conflict and of pain;
But always upward, toward the stars it leads,
And He who marked the road knows all my needs;
And conflict, too, is gain.

I on a journey go to Him I love:
All things I count but loss;
That I might know the love of Him who died,
Who gave His life for me, was crucified,
For me hung on the cross.

Often I see the shadow of His cross
 Fall on my pathway here;
But as the image of His grief I bear,
So shall I in His heavenly beauty share,
 And sorrow, too, is dear.

The pathway shineth ever more and more
 Unto the perfect day;
Soon shall I see the face of Him I love,
And He goes with me to that land above,
 For Jesus is the way.

A FLOWER.

This flower is immortal:
 It shall lie upon my breast;
And keep its royal place, when
 I find rest.

The flower is dead, its faded
 Petals broken, fallen apart;
It knew not heaven's fair garden,
 Ah, my heart!

Grieve not that it has perished;
 A flower is all our glory,
We write in dust the end of
 Every story.

For in this earthly garden
The blossoms soon are broken,
Of heaven's fragrance they are
But the token.

God's flowers that live immortal
Must be watered with our tears;
From sorrow's sod they bloom
Through endless years.

THE NAME.

Where writes the Lord Thy name?
He writes it on His hands, that He may see
Thy name before Him always, and He says,
"Here is the name of one who trusts in Me."
Thy name is there.

Where writes the Lord *His* name?
Upon thy forehead, that thy light may shine
For others, for 'tis not for thee to see,
But Jesus only; beauty is not thine,
'Tis His you share.

Thou canst not see the name
He writes upon thy forehead; but thou art
A mirror to reflect His loveliness;

Imprint His image only on thy heart.

Behold His face;

And thus beholding Him,

You shall grow like Him, and your life shall be

A pattern fair of His: again may men

The loveliness of Jesus in you see,

His likeness trace.

He knows His sheep by name,

He calls to each by name; says, "Follow Me."

They know the Shepherd's voice, and follow Him;

And with the Shepherd they shall ever be

In His own fold.

And in the heavenly home,

The Lord Himself will whisper in your ear

A name that no man knoweth, your new name:

A name of love that earthly ears can't hear

In heaven is told.

THE GUEST.

There is an unseen guest within this house;

In every room a presence fair.

Remember, stranger, whosoe'er thou art,

That One you cannot see is there.

And at the table which God's bounty spread,
A silent guest sits at the board;
The unseen hearer of each word that's said,
Remember, it is Christ, the Lord.

Do only deeds of tenderness and love,
Speak only gentle words of grace,
Guard every idle thought, lest you should grieve
The Lord who dwelleth in this place.

WHO HEARETH PRAYER.

The angel messenger begins his flight,
And hosts of angels fly
On wings of light, fulfilling God's commands;
All heaven is stirred; on earth one lifts his hands
In prayer to God on high.

And Michael contends against his foe,
In mighty conflict there:
And kings and nations do but play their part;
A man, in prayer to God, lifts up his heart,
And God has heard his prayer.

Upon a mountain, talks a man with God;
He speaketh face to face:
He pleads with God a guilty race to spare,
The God of mercy hears His servant's prayer,
And answers guilt with grace.

A woman, in her heart, all silently,
Within the temple there,
Has asked her heart's desire, and is heard;
And God gave life, according to His word,
Answered His handmaid's prayer.

See the iron gates of prison open wide:
An angel, undismayed,
Awakens one, and leads him by the hand;
Near by, there is a little praying band,
Who unto God have prayed.

Who hurries swift on the Damascus street?
He tarries not nor stays;
A contrite heart has called to God in prayer,
God's messenger makes haste to find him there,
Hasten—behold, he prays!

Oh, tell us not that heaven has empty grown,
We know our God is there:
His listening ear is waiting for our call,
And all may call on Him, He heareth all,
He always answers prayer.

So, feeble saints, call on your mighty God,
His arm He will make bare,
And wonders do for you who call on Him,
Lift up your hearts, let not your faith grow dim,
We know God answers prayer.

LIKE UNTO GOD.

How great is God?
Look up into the starry space of night,
Oh, far beyond the boundaries of sight,
Beyond the confines of the heavens bright,
He dwelleth ever in immortal light,
Our God is there.

How great is God?
My hairs He numbers, knows the sparrow's fall,
He cares for me, on Him I may cast all
My care, He hears my faintest call;
He dwells within my heart, He is so small:
My God is there.

WE KNOW.

Not to an unknown God,
My altar I would raise:
But to the God I know and love;
For Christ revealed our God above,
My God I know and praise.

For does the glad earth know
When morning follows night?
In my dark heart His love hath shone,
And God is loved and God is known;
Is known, for Love is Light.

Where shone this love of God
Upon our sinful race?
Oh, see One hanging on the tree,
'Tis there God's love shone forth for thee,
It shines in Jesus' face.

Oh, lovely, marréd face;
Thy halo, Lord, of thorns!
Smitten of God, and spit upon,
God hid His face, forsaken One;
And earth in darkness mourns.

But now, what radiant light
We see in Jesus' face:
The light of heavenly glory now;
And shining round His once scarred brow,
The halo of His grace.

Soon shall we see His face,
Without a cloud between:
Now, know we Him sent from above;
Happy are we, Jesus we love,
Love Him, not having seen.

WHAT SEEK YE?

Was it for wisdom that you sought?
Ye foolish wise? Ye did
Not find the path; the simple find
In Christ is wisdom hid.

For foolishness with God is all
The wisdom of the wise:
A shutter barred against the light
Revealed to children's eyes.

Seek not for truth, you find it not;
By searching God's not known:
Christ is God's very thought told out,
And He is truth alone.

Was it for wealth you sold your soul—
Treasure that fades away?
The streets of heaven are paved with gold,
And Jesus is the way.

Or did you seek for happiness
Unmixed with earth's alloy?
'Tis found on earth, but comes from heaven,
For Jesus gives that joy.

O spirit, like a troubled sea,
From striving would you cease?
There is but one can give you rest,
For Jesus is our Peace.

And, starving soul, your need is but
The Bread sent from above;
Your hunger can be satisfied
With Jesus and His love.

He is the Way, the Truth, the Life,
And He is Love indeed.
Let Him be all your heart's desire,
For He is all you need.

Who comes to Him He casts not out,
Unchanging is His name;
The Wisdom and the Power of God,
Forevermore the same.

His name above all other names,
The tongue with rapture tells
The riches of His Glory, for
In Him God's fullness dwells.

HE CARETH.

I know my tender Shepherd cares
For all my grief:
For always on His loving breast
I find relief.

He lays His gentle hand on me
And says, "I know."
With every burden unto Him,
I freely go.

There is a grief too deep to speak.
Save in His ear:
He hears before I speak, and sees
The unshed tear.

He careth for my every care,
None is too small:
On Him I cast them, and with me
He bears them all.

And touched with my infirmities,
Is my High Priest :
He knows the greatest, and He feels
The very least.

And in my sickness, tenderly,
He makes my bed.
And ever on His loving breast
Pillows my head.

Am I reviled? Then Jesus says,
"Once so was I :
Be patient, speak no word, for I
Am standing by."

Do friends forsake me? Ah, one Friend
Is ever near :
He closer draws, and whispers low,
"Thy Lord is here."

O Jesus, Jesus, precious Friend,
Thou art to me
More dear than any earthly friend
Could ever be.

Thy loving arms around me throw,
On Thee I lean :
Thou art more dear than all beside,
Dear Friend unseen.

Unseen, I love Thee, and I wait
Till heaven's door
Has opened, and Thy face I see
Forevermore.

AN OFFERING.

What have I, Lord, to give to Thee?
I have no box of ointment sweet
To break upon Thy blessed feet,
So, Lord, break me.

Were all earth's treasures rich and fair
But one, and given unto me,
Dear Lord, still at Thy feet I'd be,
To break them there.

Alas! I know not any art
To make more fair my offering,
I can but give to Thee one thing,
It is my heart.

And though the gift is poor and small,
Thou wilt not turn away from me;
I bring my heart's desire to Thee,
It is my all.

O Lord, Thou hast forgiven me,
I, too, would kneel and kiss Thy feet :
And love shall be the fragrance sweet
I pour on Thee.

Empty my heart, that it may hold
Nothing of mine forevermore ;
Then fill me from Thy boundless store
With love untold.

HIS LONGSUFFERING.

Amazing sight! this guilty world still lives,
Red-handed murderer of the Son of God ;
Nor has God bowed the heavens to come down,
Not yet the winepress of His anger trod.

Ungodly men have deeds ungodly done ;
O God in heaven! what stays Thy righteous wrath?
The angel's awful voice of woe is dumb :
A blood-stained earth still keeps her circling path.

O guilty world, a day of wrath will come,
There is a God that sits in heaven above :
His goodness waits for thee, longsuffering waits :
This is the day of grace and of God's love.

Oh, listen, for it is His heart of love
That calleth on His mighty wrath to wait.
Despise not His forbearance and His love;
Oh, harden not your heart until too late.

The Judge of all the earth will still do right,
And God be praised, even in the wrath of men:
Let, then, His goodness lead thee to repent,
Pass not death's door, there's no repentance then.

The sowing has been done, the reapers wait;
The seed, the deeds of men, the world the field;
And soon the guilty harvest must be reaped,
For when God's wrath shall fully be revealed,

Flee heaven and earth before the face of Him
Who sitteth on the throne! Call, sinner, call
On rocks to fall and hide you from your God;
To hide you from the Lamb, bid mountains fall.

A righteous heaven demands a righteous earth;
The blood of martyrs cries before the throne
For vengeance, and our prayers have reached the
heaven.

Here, as in heaven, must God's will be done.

WAITING.

Not yet all things, behold a sin-cursed earth;
Creation groans and travails, still in birth;
With outstretched neck the creature waits the
hour
When God shall manifest His sons in power.

Not yet o'er all his foes victorious,
Not yet a righteous kingdom glorious;
The cruel sword still reigns, wars do not cease;
Still wait all nations for the Prince of Peace.

Against God's Christ, kings stand in bold array,
And men against God's plan vain thoughts display,
God sits in heaven and laughs, and waits the Son,
Till all His foes are vanquished, every one.

Not yet the harvest: the firstfruits alone;
The Holy Spirit gathers now God's own:
And patiently waits Christ for His fair bride,
His loved one, builded from His riven side.

And waiting for the shout of Him who rose
From out the grave, lies the quiet dust of those
Who sleep in Him; mortality shall wear
Immortal garments, incorruption share.

We see not yet all things: Jesus we see;
And waiting for the Son from Heaven are we;
Pilgrims confessed, we seek a heavenly home,
We wait for Him. Lord Jesus, quickly come.

JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

Jesus is coming again!
Sing, Christian, sing the glad strain.
Oh! the joyful surprise!
With a shout from the skies,
Jesus is coming again.

Is it still midnight below?
Is earth full of sin and of woe?
Still lift up your song,
It will not be long,
Jesus is coming, we know.

Has death snatched your dear ones from you?
Is your heart with sorrow pierced through?
Ah, the heart-breaking years
Still whisper through tears,
Jesus is coming, 'tis true.

Jesus is coming, and He
Will restore all my dear ones to me;
 Ah! then, do not weep,
 They lie but asleep:
Together with Jesus you'll be.

Jesus is coming again;
And, ah! we shall be like Him then;
 As He is we'll be,
 When our Jesus we see;
Jesus is coming again.

Lord Jesus, come quickly again,
For us there shall be no more pain,
 There shall be no more tears
 Through eternity's years,
When Jesus has come again.

Jesus is coming again!
Sing out, sing out the refrain;
 With Him we shall be
 Through eternity,
Praising the Lamb that was slain.

THE PROMISE.

“Fear not,” my God hath said :
Though hell assail my trembling soul
I will not yield :
For God hath said that He Himself
Will be my shield.

Nothing can tempt my soul :
One promise of my God to me
I ever guard ;
God gives Himself, exceeding great
Is my reward.

In Jesus I stand fast :
Things present, or the things to come,
I will not fear :
Christ’s love is still my shield, and He
Is ever near.

Oh, what can this world give !
Nothing on earth I want below,
Nothing above :
Forevermore I’m satisfied
With Jesus’ love.

HE LEADETH.

The pastures green :
A happy place all radiant and fair
With love and light, because the Lord is there ;
The trysting place, where Jesus tells His love,
A prelude to the song of heaven above.

The waters still :
He leads you by the waters, deep and still,
That you may learn to prove His perfect will ;
Whate'er it be, desire God's will alone,
Long only that in you it shall be done.

The soul restored :
And has the way He led thee seemed too long ?
Rejoice that He has made thee weak, not strong ;
It is in weakness that His strength is perfect
made ;
The soul restored on Him alone is stayed.

The righteous walk :
Oh, deep desire of every chastened heart,
The strength to do His will He doth impart ;
Be thou a mirror to reflect His face,
His image fair be seen in every place.

The valley? Yes,
Forsake thy life, and follow Him and die;
The wheat that dies alone can multiply;
Fear not the valley, He will with thee be,
And, though unseen, He ever keepeth thee.

The table next:
The table which the love of God hath spread,
The oil of joy descending on your head,
The cup of love so full it overflows,
And makes the desert blossom as the rose.

The Father's house:
The Shepherd now has led thee into rest,
No trouble finds thee on His loving breast;
There, in the secret place, your Lord adore,
His heart your dwelling-place forevermore.

“DAILY.”

Thou handest me a cup each day,
’Tis mixed as seemeth best to Thee;
The petty trials, little cares,
Thou sendest me.

'Tis daily I must bear my cross,
And what to bear I may not choose;
Each day must I myself deny,
And my life lose.

How can I follow Thee, O Lord,
Unless I follow Thee each day;
I may not flee the cross I find
Upon the way.

How can my will be Thine, O Lord,
While anything I hold from Thee;
Oh, may Thy will in little things
Be done in me.

Lord, from Thy hand comes every care,
The petty trials, the burdens small,
The little disappointments; Lord,
Thou sendest all.

O Lord, Thou givest daily bread,
My daily cup Thou sendest me;
Oh, may I daily take my cross,
And follow Thee!

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